ROME.

A NEW HISTORY OF THE ANCIENT RE-PUBLIC.

A HISTORY OF ROME TO THE BATTLE OF ACTIUM. By Evelyn Shirley Schuckburgh, M. A., late Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, With Maps and Plans. Pp. xxvi, 809. Macmillan & Co.

Time was, not so very long ago, when the theatrical poses of Roman heroes and the resounding lines of Latin orators and poets hit the modern taste, when men might be found who power over all Italy, and the acquisition of a imagined that they were modelled on the lines of wide dominton beyond the shores of the penina Cato or a Brutus or a Marcellus, not to men- sula. In practice, to an extent almost incontion a Sciple or a Caesar. The history and liter- celvable at the present day, Rome was the world ature of the Republic were ransacked for ex- over which she held sway. The idea of the urban amples and quotations. All this is changed. The state which was the central thought of all antique revolution affects the modern point of view as well as the realities of the ancient story. Latin quotations are by no means as common as they used to be, either in writing or public addresses. The world is no longer given to those fits of | izen, and a man might be such without ever havheroics which were so natural to a past generation. Exaggerated moods, those suitable to the Apostie Paul. Magistrates could only be elected strained emotions of bitter political conflict or actual war, are no longer looked upon with approval. Intervals of peace have been frequent that the Senate had to sit. In the Spanish Senenough in recent times to give mankind a calmer outlook. On the other hand, scepticism has been busy with the whole existence of the Roman commonwealth. The kings, Romulus and all, went to the limbo of discarded things long ago. All those fine stories about the fostering care of a she-wolf, the murder of Remus, the prowess of the Horatii, the virtue of Lucretia, are clouded with doubt; and even the elephants of Pyrrhus are under almost as much suspicion as the pachyderms which Polyaenie says Julius Caesarimported into Britain. Doubt has gone so far, in fact, concerning these matters that a reaction has set in of which Mr. Schuckburgh is an advocate. Not that he is prepared to assume the childlike attitude of Livy. But he has gone far enough in the effort to rehabilitate the antique story of Rome to warrant him in saying: "I shall seem, no doubt, to some to have been too credulous." But so far as the heroic episodes are concerned, he puts them forward simply as what the Romans themselves believed about the origin and early life of their city. He points to the example of Niebuhr as a warning against making history by selecting what to credit or to reject among a number of facts, all of which rest on precisely the same authority. He does not admit, for example, that a legend respecting the visible interference of a god in a battle vitiates the rest of the narrative. The rumor of divine intervention simply indicated the way men had of looking at affairs. When they were profoundly wrought upon by the rage of conflict they saw strange things themselves, and readily believed even stranger things soberly related by others. Modern history would be knocked all awry if the dispatches were rejected of the victorious generals who attributed their success to deliberate partiality on the part of the Delty The legends of antiquity often merely expressed this devout trust in an Overruling Power in an exaggerated and picturesque way. "In times of ignorance men were always ready to account for everything wonderful or strange, everything which they did not understand, by alleging the direct agency of something above humanity What happened they may yet tell truly, though they may be quite mistaken as to the cause." On this ground Mr. Schuckburgh argues that the story of the Seven Kings of Rome from Romulus to Tarquin the Proud cannot be rejected. It has the characteristics of all legends that pretend to account for the beginnings of a nation whose true history is lost. Doubtless popular songs and tales were the source of much of it. Sometimes tradition may have busied itself long after the fact in the effort to account for institutions, buildings, or other local features and names that still existed in historic times. In other cases it doubtless retained the memory of actual occurrences, distorted or expanded, ornamented with episodes which, simple at the outset, grew to miraculous proportions in the words of clever story-tellers. In this light it is not easy to see how the author of the book in hand has helped the case of the ancient legends against the sceptics. We may be glad to have them, for the story of Rome certainly reads better with history. The best he can say is that "a story is not disproved by the fact that the relators of it were born many years or even centuries after

the alleged events, who may have had sources of information of which we know nothing. It is only shown to be unsupported by sufficient evidence to demand credit." He demolishes in a sentence or two, and without much difficulty, the hypothesis that the whole story of Rome under the Kings was manufactured practically to order at a late period by literary Greeks. Folk-lore does not come into being by deliberate contrivance as a rule; and besides, late as the story was in becoming a matter of record, it nevertheless anticipated the date at which Greeks became interested in Rome. This consideration affects also the genesis and development of the saga which Virgil used in the To Romans of the third, and perhaps of the fourth, century before the Christian era, the belief that Aeneas was the founder of their race was as certain as that Romulus was the founder of their city. The magnitude of the legend which had incrusted the name of this royal fugitive from Troy can be guessed from Virgil's poem. It was hardly less remarkable in variety and detail than the tradition of the Seven Kings. The same considerations which render probable the native origin of the one legend are applicable to the other. That the story of Aeneas in Italy emerged among the Romans as soon as the alleged descendant of Achilles, Pyrrhus, made war upon them, is fairly good proof that it was already familiar to them. But Mr. Schuckburgh is not decided. He leaves the saga dangling between the Roman annalists and the Greek historians. Considering the number of races which settled in Italy in the primitive period, and remained distinct in historic times, some even retaining their peculiarities to the present day, there is no antecedent improbability in the tradition of a colony from the Wood. Among Iberian and Ligurian aborigines, Oscan mmigrants from Pelasgic Greece, Umbrians, Latins, Sabellians and the mysterious Etruscans Dardanians might also have tound a place. The fact that their memory became a theme for reverential treatment would be due in any case to the subsequent contact of Romans and Greeks, when the former acquired a contempt for the latter as brutal as that of the average European for the average Oriental, and demanded an origin as inimical to Hellenism as possible. What comes out most clearly in all these legends is the uniformity of the Roman national character, so far as it is revealed to us, from age to age throughout the history of the Republic. All the legends of Rome have the greatness of Rome as their theme. It is this that gives purpose and continuity also to the history of the city and the dominion over which it gradually extended its rule. There is, as Mr. Schuckburgh points out, a necessary connection between the periods of Roman history. The legends of the Kings are indispensable when it comes to explaining the aims of the Republic, and the Empire could only rise upon the experiences of the system which it Roman legal tendencies were fixed by the Republic. The conflicts of patrician and plebelan, of privileged and unprivileged, of rich and poor, not only rendered imperialism inevitable, but presaged the duty it was to perform. From this point of view the author objects to the phrase "Fall of the Republic" as misleading. "In a sense," he adds, "the Kepublic did not fall in the time of Augustus or his successors. Though

exercise of the functions of consul, censor or He was tacitly assumed to be the chosen of the people, and to represent in his person the authority of the old populus Romanus, to whom, therefore, the appeal against the decision of other magistrates was addressed, which was regarded as the chief safeguard of a citizen's rights." In the very divisions which he makes of the history that he narrates one sees how the periods fuse each with its successor. The development of the city, as it reaches out from hill to hill, is the story in little of the conquest of Latium, the extension of the Latin polities was carried out by the Romans, until it became too attenuated to be even a respectable fiction. To be free anywhere under Roman dominion it was necessary to be a Roman citing seen Rome, as in the famous case of the in Rome, laws could be passed nowhere else, treaties must be accepted there, and it was there ate of Sertorius and the Macedonian Senate of Sulla there was a hint of future possibilities; of that woful day, for instance, when it was learned, as Tacitus said, that an Emperor could be created elsewhere than in Rome; but so long as the usages and feelings of the Republic lasted in anything like completeness, a Senate without the walls of Rome was as much an impossibility as the autocracy itself. It is this uniformity which makes the history

that of modern States. On the other hand, in the last analysis, Roman partisanship prefigured that ism. Such ravings apart, it may be said in they are to be effected by improving the present of later times. On grand lines there can be only two political divisions among mankind, the one composed of those whose affections are linked can. The two systems are essentially different it he practically abandons the whole Socialist hope lies in the changes which the future may Socialism, or you may have the Republic; you pity he did not have the courage of them. If he bring. The one party naturally includes those cannot have both. If Socialism is to prevail, had, his book would have been called not "Sowho must lose by political change; the other, roll up, or tear up, the Constitution; it will be cialism and Social Reform," but "Socialism those who may be benefited. In brief, the whole struggle at Rome, from first to last, was between the conservatism of those who had birthrights, dustry and commerce, of society, education, even piles, a vigorous condemnation of Socialism as privileges or wealth to take care of, and those religion. It is folly, and folly of criminal prowho saw themselves excluded from the benefits which they thought, usually with justice, that they, or the classes to which they belonged, had imagination to extract from the primitive legends a probable statement of the condition of things at the outset, under that first chieftain other to call Romulus. The little village of rude warriors and shepherds on the Palatine hill was soon found by its nearest neighbors to be a protection against the forays of more distant ban- from the monarchy of George III. ditti. Its enmity was dangerous, but its friendship was to be coveted. Thus other settlements rose near by of people who thought nothing of rights, but only of safety. In a small way the story must have been similar to the grand narrative of later conquests. The protected classes paid for their safety by labor; the warriors never lacked for occupation. If they were not defending their own community, they were engaged in subduing another of which they and the populace they ruled were jealous. Thus all the rights of citizenship rested on service in war. As the town extended its authority the boundary to be defended became longer, and the number of enemies to be subdued more and more numerous. The descendants of the ancient soldiery did not suffice, and the horde of armed men had to be recruited from among those who had hitherto been practically the slaves of the community. But these serfs had no sooner shared the perils of their masters than they began to long for the privileges which those masters enjoyed. When they became numerous enough to feel that the commonwealth could not do without them, they began to insist upon a modest share in the government. They were humble and long-suffering. but they were patient and obstinate. What one generation could not attain another reached. If they could not get what they asked for by argument, they sometimes seceded, as in the famous instance where they were driven to anger by them than without them, but still they are not mple shows that the remonstrances of the plebeans were directed, not against the inherited rights of the patricians, but against the use of those rights in a way prejudicial to themselves. Things came to such a pass that the Senate dared not dismiss the army, lest it should become a mob of armed insurgents when released from the command of the Consul. Then the soldiers decided to withdraw from the town in a body. It was one of the most peaceable revolutions in history. Not a blow was struck, not a drop of blood was shed, but when the citizensoldiery returned to their homes, they had secured official representation in the Government,

and a substantial mease of veto power upon the acts of their superiors. A repetition of this contest in varied forms constitutes the political history of Rome. The names of the Gracchi, of Marius, of Caesar, are associated with the movements of the popular party, the party of expansion and advancement which supported them. There came a time, of course, when the heredity ceased to have much value in politics, when wealth took the place of birth, when Patricians were replaced by Optimates, and Plebelans by Populares, But the struggle was in its essence the same. Those who had little were determined to wrest more from those whom fortune had favored. If they could not have wealth, their numbers, at least, entitled them to authority or to the choice of those who should rule them. The struggle between Pompey and Caesar as party leaders really turned upon the point whether Rome should preserve institutions which she had outgrown or create a new system, whether power should be continued in the hands of the few or distributed to the many. Both parties to the contest had much to say for themselves. "The Optimates wished to preserve the ancient constitution, the national religion and system of auspices, the powers of the magistrates, the influence of the Senate, the Senatorial hold on the law courts, the credit of the exchequer, the rubordination of the army, the government of the provinces. The Populares maintained that the religious system, especially that of the auspices was employed to enable certain aristocratic families to retain hold of office and prevent necessary reforms; that the authority of the Senate should always bow before the popular will; that under pretence of maintaining national credit, lands were withheld from the people and served only to enrich the already wealthy" (literally the same condition of things as had prevailed four centuries earlier at the time of the great secession); "that the law courts, when in the hands of the Senate, were corrupt; that the provinces were oppressed and plundered by the aristocratic governors." Caesar, divining that his own future, as well as the future of Rome, depended on the success of the popular party, became its leader. Pompey, who nad no political insight, became the leader of a faction when he meant only to be an arbitrator for the good of the State ar a whole; while Cicero, for the good of the State ar a whole; while Cicero, with the natural prejudices of a lawyer and a man of letters, was opposed to having the best constitution the world had ever seen tampered with by men who probably did not know what they wanted in its place. It horrified him to find that "there were men who, while ostensibly fighting for reforms, cared nothing for this wonderful constitution, with all its elaborate contrivances to enable a small knot of men to monopolize the right of doing wrong," and so he "joined the party of privilege, and lent all his eloquence to the maintenance of the whole obsolete machinery of tradition, Senatorial influence, and religious and ceremonial checks." What

he did not change the outward semblance of the Republic. The effect of the arrangements made by Octavius Caesar in carrying out what he conceived to be the purposes of his uncle Julius conceived to be the purposes of his uncle Julius was to produce a new constitution under old forms. "The magistrates became executive officers, answerable not to the people, but to the Imperator; the Senate became outwardly more important than ever, both as an administrative and judicial body, but practically it had to yield to the Master of the Legions and the Controller of the Exchequer." Gradually the Imperator of the Exchequer of the Fights which the to the Master of the Legions and the Controller of the Exchequer." Gradually the Imperator absorbed in his own person the rights which the people had won, but he did this with their willing consent. The times when the suffrages of the soldiery were to be the ruin of Rome had not

wet arrived.

Mr. Schuckburgh's narrative is simple and clear. His style is without pretension, but it is animated and vigorous. Here and there it is marred by curious silps, as when he mixes up Publius Claudius and Applus Claudius in the account of the sea-fight with the Carthaginians, off the harbor of Drepana, in 249 B. C. The maps and plans are all that could be desired. An unusual feature of the work is a table at the head of each chapter, which shows at a glance the progress of the city from age to age in colonies and population. nies and population.

SOCIALISM AND THE REPUBLIC

PROF. ELY'S MUCH-DISCUSSED BOOK.

Examination of Its Nature, Its OCIALISM: An Examination of his Nature, its Strength and its Weakness; with Suggestions for Social Reform. By Richard T. Ely, Ph. D., LL. D., Professor of Political Economics, and Director of the School of Economics, Political Science and History in the University of Wis-consin. 12mo., pp. xili, 448. (T. Y. Crowell & Co.) & Co.)

There are those who deal with Socialism as though it were a natural and logical phase of American republicanism, an advanced and more needed no more. Socialism will give us a different system of government, of politics, of inearned. It does not require much of the historical | and accepted as part and parcel of the Ameriwhom the Romans agreed for one reason or an- popular government ended, the very Union disdifferent from the Republic than the Republic is

Professor Ely, who has done much good work and written some admirable books, gives us in book that has caused a vast pother, and has served as the corpus delicti in a heresy trial. But we fancy most readers will lay it down it is not sensational enough, some because it is much so; but most of all because it contains no what Socialism is, giving as favorable and attractive a definition as the most advanced Socialist could desire. The second presents the arguments in behalf of Socialism, with the air of one who does not believe in it, but would like to if he dared. The third states the case against Socialism, in the manner of one who is solicitous not to damage greatly the cause against which he is arguing. Chief interest centres in the fourth part, in which the author elucidates what he terms the golden mean of social reform, and offers us, as he thinks, a fine blending of Socialism and Republicanism, of oil and water; much like Josh Billings's weather, "cold, but

be made. There is poverty, and poverty is deplorable. But he charges this state of affairs chiefly against the system of individual enterprise and competition; of the justice of which charge there is, to say the least, much doubt. When he says the operations of that system "are as cruel suppose he means? Is Nature, or are its laws, cruel? Nature is the manifestation of God in material things. Nature's laws are God's laws. Is God, or are His laws, cruel? Whenever men suffer under the operation of Nature's laws, it is A NEW VIEW OF THOREAU. because those laws have been violated or disregarded. Nature does not go out of its way to injure any one. It is nonsense, and indeed implous nonsense, to call Nature's laws cruel-even the law of the survival of the fittest, against which Socialists rage as the sum of all iniquity. It is discouraging to find a learned professor, in a serious book, make use of such intemperate and ill-advised expressions.

Poverty, however, exists; and social reform is to abolish it; which task Professor Ely would effeet, not, like Mr. Howells's Altrurian and the Anarchists, by destroying everything that now is, but by retaining the present system and engrafting thereupon some of the "strong features of Socialism"; as one might engraft grapes upon thorns, or figs upon thistles. The "socialization of monopoly" is the first of these strong features. presented for our consideration. He would have the Government purchase and operate all railroads, tramways, telegraph and telephone systerms was and electric light works etc. Thus there would be no more competition in such things. wasteful and ruinous, and no speculation, crises would be mitigated, and idleness diminished. With all this we may readily agree. But when he proceeds to say that under such a system management would be more honest, and more improvements and inventions would be made, his judgment is open to challenge. When we recall the canal and aqueduct scandals of recent years n this very State, and the gross corruption that has marked many other, if not most other public works, we see little room to hope for superior honesty. We know of no law by which a man who would be a knave in private employment would be a saint in public service. And no one will, we fancy, seriously dispute the statement that competition has been the keenest and most efficient stimulus to invention and improvement. Under Government control, he says, these things would be so administered as to yield not the largest dividends, but the largest social utility. Perhaps; but are they, in existing cases? No private corporation would venture to operate the Brooklyn Bridge railroad, for example, with so little social utility, and with so much contemptuous disregard of the public good, as does the Government. No privately owned office-building would give so poor an elevator service, or have its corridors so dark and dirty, as those of our Postoffice building; or if it did, would soon be tenantless.

Taking up another class of monopolies, Professor Ely says plumply that a distinction must be observed between tilling the surface of the soil and mining treasures from below. Private ownership in the former case is all right, because production is implied; but in the latter it is all wrong, because there is no production, but only appropriation. Natural treasures below the surface, therefore, should be regarded as public property. But he unfortunately neglects to explain how they are to be got at without invading private property; or how coal and iron below the surface are any more natural treasures than hay and timber above the surface; or how sinking a shaft and mining out coal and smelting ore are less works of production than mowing and in the time of Augustus or his successors. Though
their powers and function were altered or curtailed, the old magistrates were still appointed;
the old laws were still in force; and the absolute powers of the Emperor were generally exercized under cover of an authority resting on the raking hay or chopping down trees. To

George, nor to the grotesque drivel of that London Socialist editor who, at the recent Grindelwald Church Conference, gravely propounded "the land theory of Jesus"; to wit: "The meek shall inherit the earth": wherefore the land should be owned exclusively by persons of meek disposition. But if land and other property are still to be held by individual owners, "the social side of private property" must be much develcied. Men must regard wealth as a trust from God, and administer it accordingly. With that dectrine only two classes of men will seriously disagree-misers and Socialists. He also considers the question of limiting inheritances, so as to enforce the "socialization of property" and prevent the accumulation of vast hereditary fortunes. On this theme he is fairly conservative, certainly not going to such extremes as do Socialists, or as does the recently enacted Budget of Great Britain. But even he regards the danger of an hereditary plutocracy too seriously. Speaking on this theme recently, one of the foremost business men and publicists of America, a man of vast experience, shrewd observation and sound judgment, said: "Of great fortunes amassed in Wall Street or other fields of speculation, 90 per cent are dissipated-redistributedin the lifetimes of the men who make them; and of the remainder, 90 per cent do not outlast the next generation." That is to say, only one such fortune in a hundred reaches the grandchildren of the man who made it.

Finally, our author swings around to the acknowledgment that private ownership of property is best; that competition in ordinary branches of trade and industry is beneficial; and that the Nationalization plan, or Socialism, is perfect type, into which the whole might pres- to be applied only to a few things, and they of ently grow. One pulpiteer is reported to have recent origin, superimposed upon our social and of parties in Rome so simple in comparison with said, not long ago, that no man can be a industrial structure since the Constitution was Christian unless he adopts the doctrines of Social- adopted. Reforms are needed, urgently; but soberness and truth that no man can be a system, not by sweeping it away and founding Socialist and at the same time a loyal Ameri- a new one. That is sound sense, and in uttering to the past, and the other of those whose only and eternally incompatible. You may have case. If such be his convictions, it is a great versus Social Reform," and would have made, what despite his sentimental timidity it still imopposed to the true interests of society as well portions, for men to go nosing about Socialism as of the individual. With the possible exception as about a new chrysanthemum, as something of the nationalization of the treasures of the which might properly be planted and cultivated earth, not one of the reforms he proposes is Socialistic, and why he should speak of them as can system. If they want Socialism, let them the "strong features of Socialism" is past all have it. But in that case the present American finding out. To nationalize railroads is not system must be abandoned, the experiment of Socialism any more than to nationalize the postal service. To put the light supply of a solved, and the then chaotic whole reorganized city under municipal control is not Socialism on a basis not only entirely new, but far more any more than thus to dispose of the water supply. These things all involve public franchises, and are thus radically differentiated from cotton mills, and grocery stores, and lawyers' offices, and blacksmiths' shops, all of which the his latest his least satisfactory volume. It is a Socialist would nationalize. Nor are the founding of colleges and hospitals, the opening of parks, and similar good works, Socialistic; nor any other of the good things for which Professor with a sense of disappointment—some because | Ely so eloquently pleads. Some of them might be possible under Socialism. Some certainly would not Socialistic enough, and some because it is too not be. But they intrinsically belong to no speelfic system. They are a manifestation of that sure note of authority. It consists of four parts better part of human nature which exists under and an appendix. The first part purports to tell all systems, but which finds its greatest developall systems, but which finds its greatest develop-ment under a system which encourages indi-vidual growth and culture and permits indi-vidual ambition and achievement. "I acknowledge," says an accomplished writer of the present day, "that collectivism cannot be,

until individuality becomes less marked in the race. And when that happens, the race will be until individuality becomes less marked in the race. And when that happens, the race will be ready to die. It is very complicated. Still, I am a Socialist." Never was the radical and fatal defect of Socialism more deftly set forth. But the same writer elsewhere says: "When mankind becomes sufficiently intelligent to appreciate the fact that 'free competition,' so dearly prized now, is not free at all; when every one realizes that the present system gives few men a fair chance and gives no man the fullest chance to live his highest; then the world will be ready for collectivism. Why not begin now to educate people to the idea?" Why not rather educate them to make competition free, and so to improve the present system that it will give every man a chance? Why not educate them to progress, to optimism, to making the best of things, instead of to discontent, to brooding over imaginary wrongs, to hoping for the impossible? Such

THE GENTLE SIDE OF THE POET-NATURALIST.

FAMILIAR LETTERS OF HENRY DAVID THO-REAU. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by F. B. Sanborn. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Emerson's description of Thoreau's personality and analysis of his character have been accepted as the evidence of one who had unusual opportunities for studying the Poet-Naturalist, as Channing called him, and whose judgment was espe-cially worthy of credence. According to Emerson, Thoreau was "a Protestant & l'ontrance," of a militant temperament, superior and didactic in his intercourse with young men who sought his coun-sel, "always manly and able, but rarely tender." That his controverbial habit proved to be, in Emerson's apt phrase. "a little chilling to the social is not surprising. Its effect upon those who knew Thoreau and admired him for his independence and courage is humorously illustrated by the remark of one of his friends, which Emerson quotes: "I love Henry, but I cannot like him; and as for taking his arm, I would as soon think of taking the arm of an elm tree."

Yet Emerson was by no means blind to the istence of another and more amiable side of his friend's character—a side which revealed itself in a liking for sympathy and in affection for young people, and which ordinarily lay in the background, so to say, of the more dominant traits of his na-ture. It is this aspect of Thoreau's personality, in his relations with his parents, his brothers and sisters and his intimate friends, that is shown forth in this series of familiar letters. Interesting and walumble as they must prove to every student of Thoreau's life and writings, they are not likely to alter materially the impression which his extra-ordinarily full self-revelation has left on the minds of his readers. Again and again in his correspondence the idea recurs, like an organ point, upon which is built the whole complicated harmony his life, that he is not for society and society is not for him. "I want a whole continent to breathe in," he wrote to his father and mother from Staten Island, "and a good deal of solitude and silence, such as all Wall Street cannot buy, nor Broadway, with its wooden pavement." way in a letter of Harrison Blake occurs this passage: "I am preaching, mind you, to bare walls that is, to myself, and if you have chanced to come in and occupy a pew, do not think that my remarks are directed at you particularly, and so leave the seat in disgust. This discourse was written long before these exciting times." other letter to the same friend he says that he would rather talk to his neighbor "of the bran which, unfortunately, was sifted out of my bread this morning." than of the affairs of Turkey, which were then filling the newspapers.

The best of these letters are those addressed to

Emerson, while the latter was abroad, and while Thoreau was in charge of Emerson's household. They are live'y and intimate in tone, are full of views and gossip about the members of Emerson's family and the men and doings in the village of Concord, refer with affection and playfulness to the children, and have, in a word, a great deal of the milk of human kindness in them. The narrative of the escapade of the bibulous Hugh, the gardener, has, indeed, a comic aspect, when one thinks of how it must have brought Emerson, who was then with Carlyle and other English philosophers and poets, back to the realities of Concord. Of a certain grim humor there is an occasional trace in the letters, but its expression usually takes the form of playfulness of manner, sense of the ridiculousness of things or of the in-

The letters contain interesting glimpses of the men

whom Thoreau met. When he was twenty-six (1843) he made the acquaintance in New-York of Horace Greeley, "who," he wrote to his sister, "is cheerfully in earnest, at his office of all work, a hearty New-Hampshire boy as one would wish to meet, and says, 'Now, be neighborly,' and believes only, or mainly, first, in the Sylvania Association, where in Pennsylvania; and, secondly and tion soon in New-Jersey, with which he is con-nected." Writing to Emparage is most of all, in a new association to go into opera-Writing to Emerson in England Thoreau said: "Mr. Alcott seems to have gat down for the winter. He has got Plato and other books to read. He is as large-featured and as hospitable to travelling thoughts and thinkers as ever; but with the same Connecticut philosophy as ever, mingled with what is better. If he would only stand upright and toe the line!" In the same letter occurs this rather sinister characterization of the Rev. Henry W. Hudson: "Hudson, too, has been here, with a dark shadow in the care of him, and his desperate wit, so much indebted to the surface of him,-wringing out his words and snapping them off like a dish-

cloth; very remarkable, but not memorable." In a letter written from Fire Island on July 25, 1850, where he had gone to secure, if possible, the body of Margaret Fuller, Thoreau gives this account of the details of the tragedy by which the Countess Ossoli, her husband and child were

Mr. Oakes and wife tell me (all the survivors came or were brought directly to their house) that the ship struck at ten minutes after 4 a. m., and all hands, being mostly in their nightclothes, made haste to the forecastle, the water coming in at once. There they remained; the passengers in the forecastle, the crew above it, doing what they could. Every wave lifted the forecastle roof and washed over those within. The first man got ashore at 3: many from 9 to noon. At flood tide, about 3:30, when the ship broke up entirely, they came out of the forecastle, and Margaret sat with her back to the foremast, with her hands on her knees, her husband and child already drowned. A great wave came and washed her aft. The steward (?) had just before taken her child and started for shore. Both were drowned.

Whitman, whom Thoreau met in New-Jersey in

Whitman, whom Thoreau met in New-Jersey in 1856, appeared to him to be "the greatest Democrat the world hak seen. Kings and aristocracy go by the board at once, as they have long deserved to. A remarkably strong, though coarse, nature of a sweet disposition, and much prized by his friends. Though peculiar and rough in his exterior, his skin (all over (?)) red, he is essentially a gentleman. I am still somewhat in a quandary about him-feel that he is essentially strange to me, at any rate; but I am surprised by the right of him. He is very broad, but, as I have said, not fine." After having read some of Whitman's poems Thoreau wrote to Blake of him: "We ought to rejoice greatly in him. He occasionally suggests something a little more than human. You can't confound him with the other inhabitants of Brooklyn or New-York. How they must shudder when they read him! He is

As a fitting complement to this admiration for Whitman may be given a characteristically vigorous passage on literary style:

ous passage on literary style:

As for style of writing, if one has anything to say it drops from him simply and directly, as a stone falls to the ground. There are no two ways about it, but down it comes, and he may stick in the points and stops wherever he can get a chance. New ideas come into this world somewhat like falling meteors, with a flash and an explosion, and perhaps somebody's castle-roof perforated. To try to polish the stone in its descent, to give it a peculiar turn, and make it whistle a tune, perchance, would be of no use, it it were possible. Your polished stuff turns out not to be meteoric, but of this earth.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Kipling has written an American story which is to appear by and by in "The Century."

Miss Marie Meredith (now Mrs. Sturgis), the daughter of the novelist, has been for some years her father's only companion and his sympa



thetic critic. Her mother, George Meredith's s cond wife, was a woman of unusual literary taste and culture and a writer of marked ability. The young lady's future home is to be near that of her father, so that the novelist will not be left altogether desolate. He has only two children, a daughter and a son, and both are now married. Mrs. Sturgls

an accomplished person, with an excellent taste in literature, and is greatly liked by her father's author-friends.

Unfortunate as was Poe in most of his literary ventures, few of his contemporaries looked into the future of American letters with as clear a vision as instead of to discontent, to brooding over imaginary wrongs, to hoping for the impossible? Such a work Professor Ely and men like him should be doing. But in this case he has missed an opportunity of doing it by timorously catering to to him who should successfully establish it in America. I perceived that the country, from its very onstitution, could not fall of affording in a few years a larger proportionate amount of readers than any upon the earth. I perceived that the whole energetic, busy spirit of the age tended wholly to magazine prature—to the curt, the terse, the well-timed, and the readily diffused, in preference to the old forms of the verbose and ponderous and the in-accessible." In the years which have followed the death of Poe we have seen striking testimony to the

sharpness of his perceptions in this matter. In the current "Century" appear some of the most unpleasant-and in a sense the most important-let ters found among the Griswold papers, and furnished for publication by that biographer's son in defence of his father's book on Poe. It is to be doubted whether the pittless exhibition of Poe's infirmities of character will be of any great service to mankind. While a careful and just biography is desirable, it seems hardly worth while to hold for comment every minute detail of the unhappy man's weakness. Poe gave to the world, living, much more than he received from it, and apparently the debt is not to be lessened.

A volume of hitherto uncollected papers by Walter Pater will soon appear. The title of the volume, "Greek Studies," indicates the subject of these papers. The author's uncollected writings, I said, would fill scarce more than two volumes.

Concerning Mr. Pater's work, Mr. Lionel Johnson recently penned these felicitous phrases: "Lover of words that he was, of words for their soul's sake, he sought out an exact correspondence between the word and the thing; valuing truth of expression to the utmost, and confident that such truth, really found, would convey with it a reasonable beauty His desire was to ascertain through a solicitous art, or periods of time, or modes of thought, or ways of life, looked to him; he disencumbered them from their superfluities, and obtained an ultimate vision of them, before the mind's eye, clear and clean. He held that it was the virtue of criticism to purge away the cloudiness of sight which makes us apprehend things in a twilight or a mist; to discern them in their true proportions and values, not in the confused obscurity of a general impression."

Mr. Thomas Hardy is making his debut as a poet in Mr. Johnson's new book, discussing him in his character of novelist. The verse there printed in full is a Wessex ballad called "The Fire at Tranter Sweatley's." Mr. Hardy's new novel, "The Simpletons," is to run as a serial in "Harper" in 1805.

Those who have theories about the necessity of beginning a literary career in early youth will find no convenient illustration in the biography of Mr. Du Maurier. When "Peter Ibbetson" was published the author was already fifty-seven. Years have not destroyed his freshness of feeling. One of the most delightful things in "Trilby" is its atmosphere of vital energy. Would that he could go on writing such novels for the next half century! The papers on social matters which he is preparing for er's Magazine" will be admirable, no doubt, and all his readers will wait for them eagerly; yet one can but regret that he should not give the time to

There is a hope that another volume of Edward Fitzgerald's delightful letters may be given to the world. A London publisher has in his possession a collection of about 100 letters addresse

minor poems of Edmund Spenser; "Brave Trans lunary Things," from the works in prose verse of Ben Jonson; "The Friend of Sir Sidney," being selections from the works of Fulls Greville, Lord Brooke.

The library of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, Mass., is said to contain the most valuable and complete collection extant of Colonial and Revolutionary newspapers. A large part of this collection was presented to the society by Isaiah Thomas, the printer.

Once upon a time the daughters of Thackers saw that good man thoroughly and heartly angry-angry to the point of profanity. It was during their Italian journey, when they were returning to the ship in Genoa harbor after a day on shore. "We had to be on board at a certain time," Mrs. Ritchie says, in her "Macmillan" paper, "so that we engaged a carriage and drove quickly to the quay, where the convicts clanking in their chains were still at work. A boat was found, rowed by some sallors who certainly did not wear chains, but who were otherwise not very unlike those in-dustrious convicts in appearance. The bargain was made, we all five entered the boat, and as we were getting in we could see our great ship in the twilight looking bigger than ever, and one rocket and then another going off toward the dawning stars. "They are signalling for us,' said one of our comanions; 'we shall soon be on board.'
"We had pulled some twenty strokes from the

shore by this time, when suddenly the boatmen left off rowing. They put down their oars, and one of them began talking volubly, though I could not understand what he said. 'What's to be done?' said one of the young men to my father. They say they won't go on unless we give them fifty france more,' and he began shaking his head and remosstrating in broken Italian. The boatmen paid no attention, shrugging their shoulders and waiting as if they were determined never to row another stroke. Then the steamer sent up two more rock-ets, which rose through the twilight, bidding us hurry; and then suddenly my father rose up in the stern of the boat where he was sitting, and, stand-ing tall and erect and in an anger such as I had never seen him in before or after in all my life, he shouted out in loud and impatient English,
'D-n you, go on!' a simple malediction which carried more force than all the Italian polysyllables and expostulations of our companions. To our surprise and great relief, the men seemed frightened; they took to their oars again and began to row, grumbling and muttering. When we got on board the ship they told us it was a well-known trick the Genoese boatmen were in the habit of playing upon travellers, and that they would have sent a boat for us if we had delayed any longer."

In a paper on the "Punch" staff in the "Magazine of Art" is quoted a despairing speech of Jerrold concerning Thackeray. "I have known Thackeray," he would say with gloom, "for eighteen years, and I don't know him yet."

"Who are you?" asked the first Napoleon of a man in humble guise who one day presented himself be-fore the Emperor. "Sire," said the man. "I had the honor at Brienne for fifteen months to give writing lessons to Your Majesty." You turned out a nice pupil," said the Em

sarcastically—his handwriting was atroclous—"I con-gratulate you on your success." Nevertheless he gave the man a pension; so runs the story which Professor Sloan has contributed to the next "Cent-Dr. Gordon Stables, who is one of the most enter-

taining of modern writers on out-of-door subjects and animal life, has written an "Autobiography of a Show Dog." E. P. Dutton & Co. are about to One of the papers in Mr. Austin Dobson's forth-

coming "Eightsenth Century Vignettes" is entirely new. It is entitled "Lady Mary Coke." The other papers, which have appeared in magazines, have been carefully revised. The author has prepared a merry little epilogue, in

which he celebrates his good fortune in dealing with characters who are not at hand "to find fault with him"

This Age, I grant (and grant with pride), Is varied, rich, eventful; But if you touch its weaker side Deplorably resentful.

Whereas, with these old Shades of mine Their ways and dress delight me, And should I trip by word or line They cannot well indict me. Dr. Conan Doyle has done an admirable bit of work

in the little curtain-raiser, "A Story of Waterloo," which he wrote for Mr. Irving. "The great charm of the piece," says "The Saturday Review," "Is its extreme simplicity and naturalness. forced situation. It is a picture and a very perfect Mr. Irving plays the old Corporal with exone. quisite pathos. Another book by Jane Barlow is coming from the

oress. It is to be called "The End of Elfintown."

Miss Yonge also has a new book ready, and it will soon be published under the title of "The Rubies Mr. Gilbert Parker has written a series of short

stories which are to appear in this country in the pages of "Leslie's Weekly." Mr. Conan Doyle's new story, "The Stark-Munro Letters," is also to be published in this periodical.

Why "A Yellow Aster" should have gone into & fourteenth edition in England it is hard to say. Perhaps Mrs. Caffyn's next novel, "Children of Circumstance," will help to explain this curious fact. This new book, it is said, was begun before the absurd "Aster" was written.

Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, whose reputation is more consequence of curiosity than of merit, is preparing to emulate Mr. Du Maurier. He has written a Story of Venus and Tannhauser," and has provided twenty full-page illustrations. Mr. Beardsley is to art at present what Bunthorne is to poetry. Whether he is to be more and worthier in the future there is nothing to show.

The literary taste of Thomas Carlyle got a severe criticism not long ago from a student in one of our New-England colleges. The class were considering the works of this author, when structor called for an opinion on "Sartor Resar-tus." His question fell upon an Armenian student whose "eye to business," as well as his habit of making comical remarks, had given him a name all over the college. "Mr. A., what is your opinion of this book, 'Sartor Resartus'?' asked the pre-

"Well. Professor," answered A., with delibera tion, "I like the book-the book is good-but not the title. I do not like the title, Professor, and I do not think the book would sell!

ON COLD-POTATO TERMS.

From The London Literary World.

Another encyclopedia, the 'Britannica,'' furnishes a curious example of the growth of a successful work. It first came out in weekly numbers, being planned and written in 17t by William Smellie, and issued by Bell & MacFarquhar. Smellie had 130 for the literary matter, and, on his declining to have anything to do with the second edition on the same terms, the editing was given to James Tytler, who brought the scientific articles more or less up to date and added the blographies. The pay was anything but princely. Tytler lodged at a washerwoman's, and wrote on a tub turned upside down; the copy being paid for as received, the children who were sent to the publishers with a daily batch of it had to buy the food with the proceeds as they came home. In this thrifty manner the second edition was accomplished in 178t—Tytler's meals consisting generally of cold potatoes, the proprietors' profits being 142,000.

The work being now a prosoperous property. From The London Literary World.

erally of cold potatoes, the proprietors profits center (\$42.000.

The work, being now a prosoperous property, could afford to pay more for its editorship—particularly as Tytier was dead and no one else would undertake the job on cold-potato terms—and Professor James Millar edited the fourth edition. Then Archibald Constable bought the copyright, and brought out the fifth edition in a very different style, under Macvey Napier. In 1829, after Constable's death, the copyright was bought by the Blacks, who issued the seventh edition in 1830 in monthly parts; this was also edited by Napier, and the contributors received (\$22,500! Since then there have been two editions, each more extensive in their production.

A MEMORIAL TO IZAAK WALTON.

translator of "Omar Khayxam" to Fanny Kembie.

"Bentimental Tommy" is the queer title of Mr.
J. M. Barrie's new novel. He will finish this book during the coming winter, and will then begin work on his proposed edition of the Waverley Novels.

Several additions to the charming little set of books of "The Elizabethan Library" are announced for publication this autumn by A. C. McClurg & Co. They include these volumes: "Green Pastures. Being Choice Extracts from the Works of Robert Green, A. M., of both Universities, 1560 (?) 1592"; "The Post of Poets," the love-verse from the From The London Telegraph.